

The Frances Shimer Record

April, 1928





Concerning **Wills** and **Annuities**

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils and \$70,000 in other endowment. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ----- dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within ----- months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

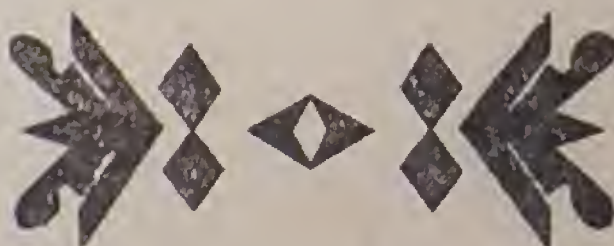
also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purpose specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the President concerning annuities.

• • • •

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, President and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

THE MORRIS-DEMOCRAT PRINT, MT. CARROLL, ILL.



8327.

The Frances Shimer Record

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCIS SHIMER SCHOOL IN APRIL, JUNE, OCTOBER, DECEMBER,
FEBRUARY
ONE DOLLAR (\$1) PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XX

Mount Carroll, Illinois, April 1928

NUMBER 1

The Record Staff

Editor-in-Chief

RUTH ELIZABETH SIMMONS, College '28.

Department Editors

MRS. W. P. MCKEL, *Alumnae*

HAZEL VOLTMER, College '28, *Literary*

ELIZABETH LOURIE, College '28, *News*

REINE BAKER, College '28, *Art*

CATHERINE BEST, College '29, *Exchange*

KATHRYN STEINAKER, College '29, *Athletics*

OLIVE SPENSLEY, College '29, *Jokes*

Reporters

KATHERINE WASSON, College '28

GLADYS STEVENS, College '29

MIRIAM BOOZER, Academy '28

ELIZABETH ANDERSON, Academy '29

IONE CADDICK, Academy '30

MARGARET ALLIN, Academy '31.

Faculty Advisor

MISS PARKER

MISS POLLARD

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The Expansion Campaign

Frances Shimer School Alumnae and a large number of friends of the School will recall the recent effort that was made to increase our endowment and to provide funds for much-needed buildings.

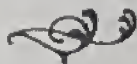
The results of this enterprise were not entirely satisfactory, and although our endowment is now sufficient to meet the present requirements of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, there is no promise that their standards will not again be raised and we shall be obliged to make further additions to our permanent investments in order to maintain our membership in this Association.

In the opinion of many who are closely allied with the School, our most urgent need at this moment is to improve our equipment by the addition of a new and modern Gymnasium. It had been hoped that the Campaign would provide sufficient funds for this purpose, but such is not the case and we are again forced to appeal to our friends for this help.

Those of you who have taken your "gym" work in the basement of Hathaway Hall realize very keenly the need of this new building, and if Frances Shimer is to maintain its position as one of the outstanding schools in this section, we must by all means build a new Gymnasium next year.

I can think of no finer service that can be rendered by an individual than to make a substantial contribution to this excellent cause. The past record of the School is a promise of a careful administration of any funds that are placed in our hands, and I urge all of you to give this serious thought, and if possible see that means are placed at our disposal so that we may proceed with this building next summer.

S. J. CAMPBELL,
*Treasurer and Chairman of the Ex-
pansion Campaign Committee.*



Childhood



Sheets are the nicest things in all
the world.

When Mother tucks me in at night,
I cuddle down, so small and tight,
And in a trice

The cool sheets soothe my weary
feet

And hush my twinkling toes to
sleep.

Twice last night I heard a noise—
One time I crept so stealthily
Out of bed to see—
And here it only was my toys.

* * * * *

The stars all blink,
So round and funny.
Do angels use
The stars for money?



Kate Wasson, College '28.

For Westfield

"Westfield! Westfield! Fight!" The thundering shout rebounded sharply from the nearby building as the crowds broke away from the lurid bonfire and swung out in twos and threes for their homes.

It had been a great night for Westfield High. All week, and for many weeks previous, excitement had been running at high pitch. On the billboards for five miles around there flourished "pep" posters of Westfield High. But if the mass meeting was great, the next day would be greater, for the football eleven, aroused to the wildest enthusiasm, by the victory of seven hard-won battles, would face, on that last day of the season, their deadliest rival, Oakland High. If this game should be lost, not only would it mean the breaking of the season's record of victories, but the losing of the state championship, which they had never had so nearly within their grasp before.

An hour later, as the last spark was extinguished, Jack Holton turned slowly away and walked along the quiet streets of the town. It was a clear night and the stars shone forth brilliantly from the blackish-blue of the sky. Jack had come to Westfield from a little Arkansas town. All his life he had been a leader, a small town hero, and had ruled his "gang" with a high hand, for such is the temperament of the crowd that a boy, once a leader, does not easily lose his sway. But now everything was changed. He had fallen into a veritable world of small town heroes, and so great was his amazement at his insignificance that he could not at first recover his confidence. After the first week, however, he became indignant. His fighting spirit was up, and he went out for football. Now if there is anything which shows to the other fellows the worth of a man or a boy, as no classroom can do, it is the mark he makes in athletics. Not only does he have to have quick head and a strong, active body, but he must be a real sportsman, and most of all, must work for the team and school glory, not for his own individual renown.

Before the end of the first two practices Holton had shown himself to be a brilliant player. He could play almost any position, but somehow, while people marvelled at his punts and passes, something was always wrong with the game. If there was a chance for an end run, he was sure to carry the pigskin through and cover himself with glory, but in simple blocking, guarding, and passing, where teams must often gain their advantage, altho they are often not appreciated by the grandstands, he was simply not there. And so, when the names of those lucky individuals who had made the team were posted and his name was not among them, Holton, captain and star in his own town, had a bad half hour. Coach Campbell, walking past an hour later, had returned answer to the boy's blurted question.

"Holton," he said, "I've been trying to figure you out ever since school started, and I haven't arrived anywhere. You ask why you are not as good a football man as the next one. Well, I'll tell you. If you

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

could play a one-man game and not be bothered by a coach and the rest of the team, I don't doubt but that you would soon be world champion, but it is an unfortunate fact that every man that plays the game has to endure the presence of ten other fellows along with him."

"Well, now, what are you driving at?" Jack returned hotly. "I guess I never disputed anybody's right on the field!"

"Listen!" quietly commanded the coach. "You are one of the few fellows in this school who doesn't know what teamwork is. You think you do, but you're wrong. Every time you go out on the field you do it with the hope of praise. You wish to be spectacular. You long to hear the grandstands yelling for you. The minute you kill that feeling you may bet your life I'll have you on the team, but not a second before."

When Jack left the bonfire that night, he was thinking of that stormy talk with the coach. "It was true," he muttered bitterly. It was not for the glory of Westfield he wished to play in the Oakland game. It was to show his folks, his professors, and his school, how he could play. All year he had been on the "sub" bench during the games, and only once had the coach sent him in. He scowled savagely at the thought of how near he had come to bringing disaster on the team and ridicule to himself. How he hated to be laughed at! Still he knew he was in good shape. His pride had not let him stay away from the practice field, but he had no hope of getting into the big game.

Quietly he reached the fourth floor of the dormitory where he lived with over a hundred other out-of-town fellows. As he passed an open door on the way to his room, his glance fell enviously on the sleeping figure of "Bud" Sheldon. Sheldon was the captain of the team, and the best liked men in the whole school. "If I only had half his chance," he muttered despondently, secretly wondering how Bud could always sleep with his door open and be undisturbed by the shouts and clatter of the halls. But he had a cheery smile ready for his roommate, Bob March, as he turned into his room. One of the brightest spots in all of Jack's school life had been his friendship with this crippled lad, and he always tried to guard him against the unthinking roughness of the other boys.

As he turned the light down there floated in to him, sung by many earnest voices, the last lines of the school song, "Alma Mater, grant thy sons true loyalty in serving thee," and as he drifted off to sleep, he mechanically repeated the words, but even yet they did not touch his heart.

Several hours later he started suddenly from a troubled sleep, aware that his roommate, shivering and wide-eyed, was shaking him weakly and speaking thickly between white lips. "Jack! Jack!" he gasped. "I thought you would never wake up. The place is on fire!" Jack, instantly alert, sprang to the door and opened it half way. The hall was fast filling with smoke, and the boys, some of them having entirely lost their heads, were rushing down the stairs. Holton, rapidly drawing on a few clothes, started towards his roommate, but Bob, seeing the action, cried excitedly, "Stop! You must not burden yourself with me. Go

For Westfield

"Westfield! Westfield! Fight!" The thundering shout rebounded sharply from the nearby building as the crowds broke away from the lurid bonfire and swung out in twos and threes for their homes.

It had been a great night for Westfield High. All week, and for many weeks previous, excitement had been running at high pitch. On the billboards for five miles around there flourished "pep" posters of Westfield High. But if the mass meeting was great, the next day would be greater, for the football eleven, aroused to the wildest enthusiasm, by the victory of seven hard-won battles, would face, on that last day of the season, their deadliest rival, Oakland High. If this game should be lost, not only would it mean the breaking of the season's record of victories, but the losing of the state championship, which they had never had so nearly within their grasp before.

An hour later, as the last spark was extinguished, Jack Holton turned slowly away and walked along the quiet streets of the town. It was a clear night and the stars shone forth brilliantly from the blackish-blue of the sky. Jack had come to Westfield from a little Arkansas town. All his life he had been a leader, a small town hero, and had ruled his "gang" with a high hand, for such is the temperament of the crowd that a boy, once a leader, does not easily lose his sway. But now everything was changed. He had fallen into a veritable world of small town heroes, and so great was his amazement at his insignificance that he could not at first recover his confidence. After the first week, however, he became indignant. His fighting spirit was up, and he went out for football. Now if there is anything which shows to the other fellows the worth of a man or a boy, as no classroom can do, it is the mark he makes in athletics. Not only does he have to have quick head and a strong, active body, but he must be a real sportsman, and most of all, must work for the team and school glory, not for his own individual renown.

Before the end of the first two practices Holton had shown himself to be a brilliant player. He could play almost any position, but somehow, while people marvelled at his punts and passes, something was always wrong with the game. If there was a chance for an end run, he was sure to carry the pigskin through and cover himself with glory, but in simple blocking, guarding, and passing, where teams must often gain their advantage, altho they are often not appreciated by the grandstands, he was simply not there. And so, when the names of those lucky individuals who had made the team were posted and his name was not among them, Holton, captain and star in his own town, had a bad half hour. Coach Campbell, walking past an hour later, had returned answer to the boy's blurted question.

"Holton," he said, "I've been trying to figure you out ever since school started, and I haven't arrived anywhere. You ask why you are not as good a football man as the next one. Well, I'll tell you. If you

could play a one-man game and not be bothered by a coach and the rest of the team, I don't doubt but that you would soon be world champion, but it is an unfortunate fact that every man that plays the game has to endure the presence of ten other fellows along with him."

"Well, now, what are you driving at?" Jack returned hotly. "I guess I never disputed anybody's right on the field!"

"Listen!" quietly commanded the coach. "You are one of the few fellows in this school who doesn't know what teamwork is. You think you do, but you're wrong. Every time you go out on the field you do it with the hope of praise. You wish to be spectacular. You long to hear the grandstands yelling for you. The minute you kill that feeling you may bet your life I'll have you on the team, but not a second before."

When Jack left the bonfire that night, he was thinking of that stormy talk with the coach. "It was true," he muttered bitterly. It was not for the glory of Westfield he wished to play in the Oakland game. It was to show his folks, his professors, and his school, how he could play. All year he had been on the "sub" bench during the games, and only once had the coach sent him in. He scowled savagely at the thought of how near he had come to bringing disaster on the team and ridicule to himself. How he hated to be laughed at! Still he knew he was in good shape. His pride had not let him stay away from the practice field, but he had no hope of getting into the big game.

Quietly he reached the fourth floor of the dormitory where he lived with over a hundred other out-of-town fellows. As he passed an open door on the way to his room, his glance fell enviously on the sleeping figure of "Bud" Sheldon. Sheldon was the captain of the team, and the best liked men in the whole school. "If I only had half his chance," he muttered despondently, secretly wondering how Bud could always sleep with his door open and be undisturbed by the shouts and clatter of the halls. But he had a cheery smile ready for his roommate, Bob March, as he turned into his room. One of the brightest spots in all of Jack's school life had been his friendship with this crippled lad, and he always tried to guard him against the unthinking roughness of the other boys.

As he turned the light down there floated in to him, sung by many earnest voices, the last lines of the school song, "Alma Mater, grant thy sons true loyalty in serving thee," and as he drifted off to sleep, he mechanically repeated the words, but even yet they did not touch his heart.

Several hours later he started suddenly from a troubled sleep, aware that his roommate, shivering and wide-eyed, was shaking him weakly and speaking thickly between white lips. "Jack! Jack!" he gasped. "I thought you would never wake up. The place is on fire!" Jack, instantly alert, sprang to the door and opened it half way. The hall was fast filling with smoke, and the boys, some of them having entirely lost their heads, were rushing down the stairs. Holton, rapidly drawing on a few clothes, started towards his roommate, but Bob, seeing the action, cried excitedly, "Stop! You must not burden yourself with me. Go

on. I may get get down all right." Yet he knew as he spoke that it was impossible.

"What kind of a cur do you think I am?" snapped Jack hotly as he raised Bob's light body carefully to his broad shoulders. "We can easily get out of here if we go now, for the fire is in the other end of the Dorm."

But still it was no easy task for the boy, handicapped as he was by his friend, to make his way through the blinding smoke. As he stumbled down the last flight, he suddenly realized that somewhere back there he had seen through an open door the sleeping form of a boy, one arm thrown carelessly across his face, all unconscious of the fast approaching danger. As he entrusted his roommate to the willing arms of the excited crowd, he knew of no other man who could sleep through such din but Bud Sheldon, captain of the team. As his brain grasped this fact, and the screaming fire sirens rang in his ears, his excited imagination traveled to the next day's game. No one knew that any one was left in the blazing building, and with Bud Sheldon injured or burned, the only person who could possibly take his place was himself. The hateful thought grew, and he stared wildly, fascinated at the doomed building. It threw its red glare high into the inky sky and cast a weird light upon the struggling firemen and the white, frightened faces of women and children.

Suddenly something seemed to snap in his brain. His head cleared, and he cried out with the horror of the thought that had possessed and almost mastered him. A warning cry went up as the throngs saw a dark form burst into the ring of light and disappear into the blazing inferno. But Holton was too late. Even as he gained the hall the stairs groaned and fell, barely missing him. Stumbling to the window Jack clutched the hot rods of the fire escape. Painfully, round after round, he dragged himself up, and the stifling blast from each succeeding casement seemed to burn into his soul the words he had heard so often: "Alma Mater, grant thy sons true loyalty in serving thee." They were not mere words now—he understood! Burned, and all but exhausted, he stumbled through the window of the room he knew was Sheldon's. Bud had awakened too late to save himself, and was lying there unconscious, pinned beneath a fallen beam.

Jack never knew how he descended that frail ladder. Falling and catching himself again, he mechanically tightened his hold on the dead weight in his arms. Finally, he was caught as he fell unconscious from the last round of the ladder.

Many hours later in a white hospital bed Jack slowly regained consciousness and moved restlessly in his bandages. "Bud," he murmured, "Bud Sheldon." There was a rustle of skirts, a few whispered words, and Coach Campbell, with a strange look of respect which Jack had never before seen on his face, came forward and gently touched the bandaged hands.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

"You're a hero," he said in a strained voice, looking down at the white face, as if he could read his very heart.

"How is—Bud?" begged Jack, trembling for what the answer might hold, but ignoring that praise which would once have meant so much to him.

"Bud's all right, boy. We've walked all over Oakland. We've made the state championship, and lad," he added gravely, "better than all these things, you've got the spirit at last of team work and loyalty."

There was a silence in the white room, and then from under the window there rose the volume of five hundred voices, singing earnestly. As the last words died away, Jack smiled faintly, "I'm glad—for everything—for Westfield!" he said.

Helen M. Beck, College '29.

Fantasy

Misty, dewy, dripping Dawn,
Glistening blades of slender grass,
Faery pools as clear as glass—
I follow, follow, on and on. . . .

Mossy stones in dark green shades,
Violets peeping from their nooks
Distant music, merry brooks,
Sudden streaks of lights and shades.

Butterflies, with wings of gauze,
Goldfish, with their gills so sleek,
Cherries, playing hide and seek,
Kittens frisking on soft paws.

A bed of leaves for forty winks,
While I sleep, a wood-nymph spies
And drops a kiss on both my eyes
And leaves a trail of pretty pinks.

When I wake the sprite is gone,
The sun is on its downward path,
I take a cooling, scented bath
And follow, follow, on and on. . . .

The sun goes down in color riot—
Orchids, golds, pastels, pastels—
Softly, softly, gentle bells,
There's a tree, the moon right by it.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Magic, mystic, silver moon,
Stars are dripping like the tears
Of angels weeping, years and years,
The wailing, wailing of a loon.

Shadows form all sorts of shapes,
I delve into the forest cool
And there I find a Mystic Pool
At which a goblin stands and gapes.

At my step it runs away
But soon returns with its whole troop,
And in that tiny elfish group,
I see my wood-nymph of the day.

Her body supple as a deer
Clothed in heavy, nightly mist
Her eyes as by the shadows kissed
She knows no earthly drudge so drear.

She whirls and dances with dreamy smile,
The other faeries flee away;
I alone of all do stay
So after just a little while

Forever from all my earthly troubles
Into that Mystic Pool I sink
And greenish effervescence drink
Of bubbles, bubbles, bubbles. . . .

Madelaine Mendelsohn, Academy '28.

Longing

Oh, how I long to be alone
In a far-off lovely place,
Where grasses and flowers and weeds are grown
In a rolling, hilly space.
How I long for a little shack
With a cot and a chair or two.
Where I could go off with a pack on my back
And sit and dream of you.
And when the night grew damp and chill,
And the sun from the heavens was gone,
I should not move when all was so still.
I would sit. . . and wait for the Dawn.

Madelaine Mendelsohn, Academy '28.

High Heels

Amy was seventeen. She was like a little rose opening its petals to

the sunshine, like a little girl on the brink of the world, who stands on tiptoes and waits for life to touch her. Home was far away in a little town, and she was here in the great boundless city, with her first job. It was her first attempt to try the unexplored paths leading on for her to follow. For Kate, life was not a success. The first years of romance were over. She was hardened by the failure of them.

And these two were sisters with three rooms and a kitchenette between them. Amy was at the window, promise and glory to her were written in the street below. It was a city street that was real, not dreamed of—a city of mystery, radiance and gleam.

"Amy," said Kate, "go, unpack your clothes and stop dreaming."

Amy turned quickly, and brought herself back into reality with Kate—Amy always did things quickly. She was a breathless little person with gold in her hair, and with laughter in her eyes. Her warm lips seemed to be pursed for kisses.

And yet Kate, all worn and brown, with the glow gone, was her sister who at twelve had coaxed smiles from a baby all pink and gold and white; the same sister who in high school had taken a little warm hand and led a little tot of five with ringlets and a blue bow, to her first day at school; the very same sister who found a job for Amy, wrote her to come, and sent money for her carfare; and the same sister who emptied two dresser drawers and half the closet, and gave half her bed to Amy.

"And now," Kate repeated, "stop your dreaming and unpack your things."

There was a big suit case filled with all of Amy's worldly belongings. There were cotton nightgowns, cotton undergarments, plain little school dresses, a few precious pairs of silk stockings, and a frivolous little pair of low-cut slippers.

"Marjorie gave me the slippers," Amy said, tenderly laying her simple garments in the neat, paper-lined drawers. "I wouldn't dare to wear them ever, though—except to a ball with the man I'm going to meet."

Kate looked at the slippers and then at her sister's plain, little oxford-clad feet. "I guess you'd better wear them tomorrow, Amy. Oxfords are out. You may wear them around the flat."

"Oh," cried Amy. "Oh, but Katy, you should say apartment. This is really an apartment."

Kate laughed, and stowed the fat, empty suitcase on a closet shelf.

The next morning the frivolous little slippers with the slender high heels tripped lightly along beside Kate's steady walk. It was Monday morning, and Amy was going to work. How brightly the little shoes pranced! How bright was her face!

"Now, for goodness sake, Amy, act as if you knew something. Act calm," Kate remonstrated. She had dressed her sister in one of her own dresses, after she had stayed up late Sunday night to shorten it. And one of Kate's "chic" little hats held Amy's curls down. Also Kate's chiffon hose and silk underthings transformed the little seventeen years of a

country town girl into seventeen years of a city's "chicness".

"How can I act calm," cried Amy, "when I'm not? I'm just ready to fly."

"Oh, Amy. Can't you realize that this is your first chance?"

Amy's lips laughed whimsically. "Don't you worry. Just as soon as I get near the door of the P. and A. Company I'll act like thirty."

At this Kate tried to reassure herself with memories of what Amy had done in school. She had been the Hamilton pride—the little fly-away girl with sense in her head.

Life could not have treated Amy cruelly if it had tried, and it did not try. Her little high heels tapped breathlessly beside square heeled shoes of the men she met. She laughed her way to a good time and gay places. She was like a little girl all aquiver with eagerness to taste of everything—the bitter and the sweet. But the bitter never seemed to come within her reach, and the sweet was always there.

Kate, who was twenty-nine, never forgot to warn and worry as the two sisters ate lunch together in "Sally's Tea Room"—a lunch consisting of soup and crackers and ice cream.

Amy had chiffon hose and silk underthings of her own now. She had several pairs of frivolous high heels while those plain little, country town oxfords were forgotten in the closet, with country dust still on their toes. She wore blue felt over her curls, blue flannel with knife plaits, and black satin with lace collars, but to Kate she was still the little sister who had worn a blue bow in her hair.

"Poor Marjorie," said Amy, breaking crackers in a yellow bowl of chicken broth, "is dying the death of a poor little nobody."

"Not exactly, Amy. Marjorie always had enough beaux to fill a meeting house. Gracious, can't you hurry?"

"But she's disgusted. She wants to come here where she can wear dancing slippers all the time, and use rouge without shocking somebody."

"Marjorie is one of those girls who does not need color," replied Kate. "Please hurry."

"I know just how she feels. Yes, I know exactly. There, I hope you are satisfied. I have nearly choked myself. I want lemon ice today."

They gave their order to a slender girl in a yellow checked, gingham apron, and Kate lowered her voice in warning, "Amy, don't make Marjorie dissatisfied. Oxfords are much more comfortable than two-inch heels. Country town beaux are much more fun than sophisticated young city men. Really, Amy, I know. And life with a country town doctor, as Marjorie's latest seems to be, will be much happier than life is here. Really, Amy, I do know."

"How can you, Kitty? Why, these two do not even compare. But I am not making Marjorie dissatisfied."

Kitty smiled wily. "I have sometimes wondered whether I should have left you at home or not. You know we once all thought that Donald——"

"Donald!" cried Amy. "I am serious with Donald. He is the only fellow I have been out with who has not kissed me. Here is his letter if you care to read it." She pulled an envelope from her purse, and tossed it to her sister.

Kitty tossed it back. "No thanks, Amy. It is time we were going."

The two of them stepped out of the cozy, gingham-draped interior to the city street at its busiest hour. Kitty, having walked on rapidly, missed Amy, and turned back. A tall fellow, perfect in appearance from his uncovered head to his polished toes, was chatting with Amy, and Amy was beaming with eagerness and smiles.

"Kitty," she said, "this is Mr. Pike. Mr. Pike, this is my sister."

"How do you do," said Mr. Pike. "May I take both of you to your destination?"

Amy assented. She knew that the car waited around the corner and that probably it was black, purple, and silver, and that to be driven to the office in that car would cause a sensation. And Amy loved sensations—that is, pleasing ones. And such a sensation occurred. Forty girls liked the "boss" for one thing—his son. And now he had driven Amy Fairfield to the very door.

Very seldom in the weeks that followed did she lunch with her sister at Sally's Tea Room. Amy called him "Tommy" now. She bought an opera cloak and a silver dress. She mooned over poetry he gave her, and music made tears on her cheeks. How cruelly Kate suffered in those lonely evenings one never knew. She told herself it was her own life over again. But there was nothing that she could do. Her baby sister was in love—in love with some one impossible, who was only going with Amy for a good time.

When Amy came home one evening from dinner with Tommy to dress for a dance, she found Marjorie.

"Do you think that I would go to an old dance when you are here, my darling?" Amy cried after their joyful embraces.

"Oh!" cried Marjorie, "you do look so 'citified'. And I can't believe you have caught a millionaire."

"Oh, not a millionaire—just almost. Come, and tell me about the gang at home. And I want you to see my opera cape and my dinner gown."

Kate sat in the living room pretending to read, but she was listening to the excited "Ohs" and "Ahs", and the happy giggles from the bedroom. Tommy was forgotten for a while.

When Marjorie had been with the two sisters for a week, Amy put her arms around Kate and said, "Kitty, could I go home?"

"Home?"

"Yes. I would come back late tomorrow night."

"But, Amy—why?"

"Oh, just because."

"Are you homesick, Amy? You know it costs a lot. You wanted silver slippers and new things since Tom——"

"I do not want them," Amy firmly stated. "All I want——"

Kate suddenly saw light. "Why, of course, dear," she said. "Of course, you may go. But when you get there don't snub Donald."

"I-I won't," Amy said.

Amy looked up at the yellow moon in all its golden splendor. She felt, rather than saw, the deep, steady light of the stars. They were like the glow within her. And here beside the pool she was standing with Donald.

Donald saw nothing of the glory of the night. Amy was all his eyes and arms could hold.

The moon was higher in the purple heavens when Amy finally thought of Kate. "Oh, Donald! My train! My train! Look at your watch!"

He looked, and with her hand in his they began to run. "What do you care if you miss it?" he cried, out of breath, "you won't need your job any more."

"Oh, but—but I shouldn't!"

They ran through the path to the car—not a black and purple car trimmed with silver and lined with velvet, but a shabby Ford that coughed, and barked and went bumping and jolting over the road to catch the train.

Amy smoothed her hair with her hands, and wiped off the toes of her slippers with Donald's handkerchief. She looked at them, and began to laugh, softly.

"Poor little high heels," she said. "I shall have to wear my oxfords back."

Louise Turnbull, College '29.

I Love to Live

I love to go to the forest in the sweet springtime,
And find a sheltered nook where the grass is soft and fine,
And throw my world-worn body on the green and yielding bed,
And lose myself in dreams while the clouds roll by o'er head.

I love to sit and listen, in the golden summer sun,
To the song of bird, the drone of bee, whose task is never done;
And to gaze into the heavens where the blue, blue skies
Lift me on wings of dreams to where the bluebird swiftly flies.

I love, in the early autumn when the smoke of many a fire
Is like incense to my nostrils, of which I never tire,
And the mellow moon looks down at evening where I stay,
To dream and dream of memories forgotten for many a day.

I love in the icy winter, when the snow is thick at night

To sit in my deep armchair and gaze at the fire's light—
While the cold blasts shriek and whimper down the protecting
chimney flu——

Oh well, I love to be alive—that's all. Don't you?

Mary Elizabeth Hageman, Academy '30.

The Gallant Gentleman

One afternoon in late Indian Summer, I came upon a dear, small, white house. I was tired and thirsty and curious. It seemed I wanted nothing so much as to feel the peace of the coolness of that house. At any rate that is what I told myself, but really I think I wanted to know what was inside it.

So I unstrapped my pack and walked slowly up the flagged walk to salute the gallant gentleman, standing at the edge of the porch.

"You are very tired, Monsieur? Will you not rest, Monsieur?"

"Yes," I said, in answer to both questions.

Presently this gallant gentleman brought me a deliciously cool drink in a clear amber tumbler and, when I had finished, the deep, quiet peace of the chosen ones stole around and about my body and into my soul.

"It is a day for dreams, Monsieur. Shall we not dream, you and I? Of clear, green water; of exquisite white bodies; of misty grey-blue skies; of cool, emerald moss; of beautiful, sad women and happy children; of ships, perhaps. There Monsieur, that is it. We shall dream of ships.

"Long ago a boy sailed a tiny ship in a tiny stream. One day he was very tired and went to sleep on the cool emerald moss that covered the banks of the tiny stream. A jolly breeze bore the tiny ship away and down to the sea. The boy dreamed.

"He had grown to be a man, brilliantly successful and hopelessly unhappy. But he had not forgotten his tiny ship nor the cool emerald moss, and when he could bear his unhappiness no longer, he returned to look for it. Of course, foolish fool, the tiny ship was not there.

"It was good though to see the clear, green water. There was peace in yielding his unhappy, tired body to the earth. He was asleep. The man dreamed.

"The tiny ship came sailing into its tiny wharf. It had been on the sea living with beautiful sad women and happy children—loving misty grey-blue skies and clear green water, hurting exquisite white bodies, forgiving. Now at last it had come back with God's understanding, God's quiet, God's peace.

"The boy, Monsieur, awoke. He trudged up a hill to a dear small white house and afterwards grew to be a man—brilliantly successful and unhappy.

"But oh, Monsieur, the man's dream was greater than the boy's. God's understanding comes only on ships that have sailed uneasy seas.

"Good-by, Monsieur. Remember that dreams are like the eastern clouds at sunset."

Oh he was a gallant gentleman, I thought, as I strapped on my pack.

Hazel Voltmer, College '28.



On Our Seventy-fifth Anniversary

Seventy-five years ago Mount Carroll Seminary was first organized. It came into being as the result of a woman's creative brain and untiring efforts. One person wanted this school to exist so much that she devoted her energies toward it and sacrificed much in her own life for the success of her undertaking. She lived to see the tiny spark of organized learning take life and flame into an active growing institution. Each succeeding year brought the school additional influence in the community and increased recognition abroad.

One listens now with avid interest while her grandmother tells of Shimer life in the '60's. There were a few young men enrolled in the classes, and from the memories held in grandmother's eyes we might suppose there were horseback rides and strolls down the avenues of pines with those young men.

But Mother smiles at grandmother. Mothers knows Frances Shimer when there were no boys in her classes. She remembers the young orchard that seemed to be so slow in bearing fruit. She and grandmother grow pensive when they talk of those happy years of school long past. They can never hear enough about the Shimer of today. The names are all strange to them, and the rules have changed, and even the course of study is unfamiliar; but it is still their Alma Mater. It is still the school where happy memories linger and where were laid sure foundations for a richer fuller life. Mother and grandmother rejoice in the changes that have taken place in the school. They have no regret, no longing for things as they were. They are full of pride because their school has kept pace with the passing time. It has grown and prospered and through it all, has clung firmly to the standard of high scholarship and opportunities for worth while leisure moments. It is today what it was when it started—a source of influence building toward broader, happier lives.

So, to past glories and present achievement, we can point with pride. This is a red-letter year for Frances Shimer School, for it marks her seventy-fifth anniversary. We may well boast of that age for a mid-western school. And we may well boast of the school for which these seventy-five years stand. But in the loyalty and pride of our school which

the year arouses in us we should not forget that this is a year of hope and promise. It is the proper season to wish ourselves "happy birthday and many many more." We have ahead of us the rainbow tints of even happier days. There are material, easily recognized steps ahead, such as a new gymnasium. And there are other things looming less distinctly in the future. All spell progress. There can be no picturing of a future for Shimer save that of greater fame and usefulness.

This year we plan to dedicate commencement week to an appropriate observance of our seventy-fifth anniversary. We are hoping that grandma and mother will come to share this celebrating with us. All the alumnae should choose this year as the time for a visit to their Alma Mater. The renewal of old friendships and the revisiting of old haunts is a pleasure always to be sought. And on such a time—the birthday of one's Alma Mater—who would not come from far and near to sing the school song once again?

Whatever ties may bind the old student to her school, there are very live and potent ties which bind us. We are here in the midst of every activity of the school; we feel the hand of influence as it affects our lives; we are the instruments of the work of the school, and the school is our instrument of progress. Every ounce of loyalty is given to Shimer. We shall sing her praises lustily, but we think too of the years to come. We want our school to be as great in the future. Its standards must stay as high; its name as honored. As each student body, year by year, has its share in affecting the standard of the school, let us remember that we, by diligence and cooperation, may aid in the fulfillment of a "bigger and better" Shimer.

ATHLETICS

The attention of the entire school is riveted on the gymnasium. There is going to be a "big time" in it from now till spring vacation. All of the games in the class tournament will take place and then the final "varsity" game—Academy versus College. The basketball spirit is present to the "nth" degree and such spirit on the campus would seem to augur games, equal or surpassing any of the past. The class teams have been selected and are training vigorously. They are composed of the following girls:

COLLEGE SOPHOMORES	COLLEGE FRESHMEN	UNDERCLASSMEN
Ferris (Captain)	Pickerill	Salmen
Fox	Williams	Baudouine
Lemon	Smith	Lubowich
Cox	Gesman	Thompson.
Mosher	Long	Harris E.
Lloyd	Callahan	Holman
Wasson	Woodland	Joffee
Beardsley	Porter	

ACADEMY SENIORS	ACADEMY JUNIORS
Mendelsohn (Captain)	Anderson J.
Uteley	Miller
Stine	Tolen
Reed	Black
Munro	Pullen
Paulson	Fryer
Hinman	Bledsoe, Maxine
Hess	Finley

After the many interesting games of the class tournament there was one left which was to be the final decision between Academy and College. After a hard fought fight on both sides College won by a small margin. The game was refereed by Miss Spurgin and Miss Thomas, and the two teams were as follows:

COLLEGE	ACADEMY
Ferris— <i>Captain</i>	Reed— <i>Captain</i>
Fox	Mendelsohn
Mosher	Hess
Lloyd	Anderson, Jane
Pickerill	Sallmen
Smith	Tolen
Gesman	Baudouine.
Long	Bledsoe, Maxine
Callahan	





Lorado Taft

The last night at Shimer before Christmas vacation was a gala event. The dining-room was gayer than usual, with a long table at one end for the trustees who were holding their meeting. Among the guests was Lorado Taft, the noted American sculptor.

At eight o'clock we gathered in Metcalf. Before giving his lecture Mr. Taft unveiled a reproduction of his Lincoln, the Young Lawyer, the original of which is in Champaign, Illinois. We are very proud of this piece for it is the beginning of our art gallery. The statue is very beautiful and presents Lincoln in a different mood from that in which we usually find him. In his presentation speech Mr. Taft said that he had imagined his Lincoln, not as the sad thinker with downcast head as he is usually pictured, but as the young lawyer pleading his case in the court.

After the unveiling, he gave his lecture, illustrating it with slides. Since he has known many of the American sculptors personally, Mr. Taft was able to give us an insight into their work. After this most interesting lecture on sculpture, Mr. and Mrs. McKee entertained the members of the History of Art class, the faculty, and the trustees at Sawyer House, where they had an opportunity to meet one of America's best known and best loved sculptors.

Mulfinger Recital

January 13. The Frances Shimer School enjoyed an Artist's Recital by George Mulfinger, pianist. The program was delightfully varied, and the artist seemed to have as remarkable a faculty for one type of composition as for another. Mr. Mulfinger displayed extraordinary technical skill. His audience was especially appreciative of his two original numbers. The program of the evening was as follows:

Sarahannde	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rameau-Godowsky
Sonato in D major	}								Scarlotti
Sonata in G minor		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Sonata in P major									

and mighty shipwrecked sailor, Noah Jonah Jones, to be none other than Miss Emerson.

The evening of unusual entertainment was concluded with a sketch of three scenes from "Uncle Tom's Cabin". We were put in the atmosphere of the Sunny South where the curtain slowly opened to the strains of an old Southern tune, sung by the colored slaves and white aristocrats on the stage. The beautifully dignified Mrs. St. Clair discovered that the roguish young Topsy, Miss Fortna, had neglected nothing when filling her sleeves and pockets with others' belongings. Miss Pollard, as Eliza, encountered difficulty in trying to comfort the superstitious young folks of the cabin. The golden-haired Eva touched high-lights in acting. Miss Spurgin gave a clog-dance and the two villains, Miss Hostetter and Miss Schuster, that so stealthily slid down the aisle of the chapel are not characters soon to be forgotten.

Although Miss Burtis was not to be seen in any of the groups on the stage, it was due to her able direction that the evening was made a success. The students doubly appreciated the exertion of the teachers in their behalf because they realized the stacks of final examination books that awaited them at home.

Academy Senior Prom

The Washington Prom, given by the Academy Seniors, took place on February 18. The grand march was led by Miss Hostetter, the senior class sponsor, and Margaret Shoemaker, the president.

The subtle mystery of the Orient with scent of incense and bewitching harem ladies pervaded the ballroom of College Hall. The walls were draped in black and at the far end of the room was the Sultan's retreat.

Madelaine Mendelssohn was the fascinating Sultan in the special, and Ione Anderson was the favorite with whom he sang "The Desert Song". Virginia Hess danced for their entertainment, while Edith Friend gently fanned them with a large plume.

Punch was served during the evening. The town orchestra played and everyone enjoyed the dancing. The Seniors are to be congratulated on their splendid "prom" and we hope we may have others just as successful.

January 14, the "movie", "The Country Doctor", was presented in Metcalf in the chapel. The girls received it as it merited, held by the combination of pathos and humor. The quaint old country doctor aroused the greatest sympathy possible in a young audience. The other characters were all typical of small town people, but they were for the most part merely foils to the vivid pathetic portrayal of the old doctor. The "movie" made a marked impression on the minds of the audience.

Saturday night, February 11, we were again favored with a "movie", but of an altogether different character from "The Country Doctor". It was "The Bat"—a weird and terrifying production of the cinema repertoire.

Vespers

December 11—Dr. Allyn K. Foster spoke at vespers, much to the delight of the girls, for we are always glad of another opportunity to hear him. He talked about prayer, its meaning, and its value to us. He gave a vitally interesting and valuable talk, for he simplified prayer, making it seem more necessary to our lives. He dared us to pray this short, but strong prayer, "Oh God help me to find myself and Thy place for me in this life."

January 8—President McKee had charge of Vespers, speaking on the subject "Our Trip East". He gave us a very interesting account of the trip Mrs. McKee and he made Christmas vacation. After hearing his description of Washington, D. C., those who had not already been there, felt as if they had really visited it, in mind at least, and those who had seen it reviewed in retrospect their experiences there.

January 15—Y. W. C. A. presided over Vespers and this time they introduced to us an out of town speaker, Miss Hamilton, an officer of the Y. W. C. A., who travels about the country, lecturing in schools and colleges. The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet entertained her in College Hall at tea Sunday night before Vespers. She was very interesting, for she seemed to know and understand girls so well and she spoke to us as if she were one of us. She spoke of the importance of personality and how to cultivate it.

January 22—Miss Wallace gave a Musical Program at Vespers, which was fully appreciated by the student body. Because of the many requests she had from the girls to repeat selections she sang last year, she made her program include many of these songs. The old girls were glad to hear them again and the new girls were delighted with them. Some were clever; others amusing; and others, beautiful. We enjoyed them all to the utmost and left the Chapel sorry that the program was so soon over.

January 29.—Miss Hinken gave a talk on Arabia. She illustrated her interesting discussion by pointing out the places mentioned on an Arabian map. She also read extracts from a letter received from a doctor, who is carrying on research work there.

February 5—Our Chapel was honored in receiving Doctor Gerald Birney Smith on its platform. He gave us a very interesting and enlightening speech on "Make Believe". He showed us how it contributes to the pleasantness and enrichment of life. He applied it to all phases of life especially to the religious, for without make-believe in religion it becomes a fearful, unpleasant rite, while with imagination it is made a thing of mystery, beauty, and reverence. We did not realize that make-believe could be applied so widely, and we gained a new conception of it. We all enjoyed the lecture and would heartily welcome him again.

February 12—Miss Fox commemorated the birthday of the famous and beloved Abraham Lincoln by giving a brief talk on his life and then reading "The Perfect Tribute" by Mary Shipman Andrews. It is a

beautiful story which eloquently gives Lincoln's sublime character.

February 19—Miss Thoreen told us about Sweden with its red houses and strange customs. She read several poems in Scandinavian dialect which delighted, in fact almost convulsed, her audience.

February 26—Miss Parker chose Theodore Roosevelt—the beloved Teddy of the American people—to speak about. She read an appealing story by Mary Shipman Andrews, which portrayed Roosevelt in a true light, showing how widely felt his influence was and still is. Such a popular and picturesque subject as our Teddy could not help but hold the audience attentive to the end.

On Sunday evening, March 4, we had with us Dr. Graham of the Divinity School of The University of Chicago. His subject was "Great Men", but he did not use concrete examples from history. Instead he dealt with the qualities and characteristics essential to greatness. The thought of the talk was entirely new to us. His requisites for greatness are simple and yet complete. Self-conservatism and growth from within, are new ideas to us and offer new opportunities in our struggle for self-betterment. The lecture was given unity by Dr. Graham's reference to Christ as the epitome of all greatness.

Y. W. C. A.

Since our Christmas vacation the Y. W. C. A. meetings have been led by girls selected from the student body. The topics that the girls have chosen have been very interesting and closely connected with our life here at Frances Shimer.

The leaders and their subjects have been as follows: Mildred Mull, "A girl's responsibility for herself"; Beth Cahn, "Social Work"; Bernice Defenbaugh, "Christian Giving"; and Alice Smith, "Musical Meeting"—the girls who helped her with her program were Dorsel Jacke, Cherrie Jacke, and Madeleine Mendelsohn.

All girls of the school are cordially invited to the meetings, which are held every Thursday night.

Poetry Club

Saturday evening, February 4, Miss Pollard entertained the members of the Poetry Club by reading from the works of Kipling. February 25 the members had the opportunity of hearing an interesting assortment of poems which Miss Pollard had collected from various periodicals.

Hostess Club

The Hostess Club held their meeting February 25 in College Hall. Several of the girls gave readings on "How To Introduce Your Guest". After this Vera Pickeril played the piano and everyone danced.

Sewing Club Report

The Sewing Club met in Science Hall, Saturday, January 25, for the usual busy hour of sewing; and then refreshments. The hostesses

were Pluma Kenfield, Myra Joffee, Isabel Thompson, and M. E. Hageman. They served refreshments consisting of toasted cheese and cracker sandwiches, candy, peanuts, and tea. As usual, every one had a good time, though the tongues did go a little faster than the needles, perhaps.

The Latin Club

The last few meetings of the Latin Club have been devoted to making a Roman Home. The work has been very interesting to the members. In the last meeting they worked upon the interiors of the home.

Dramatic Club

Saturday, February 4, two one-act plays were presented in the Dramatic Club room. The plays were directed by two members of the Dramatic Club, who, though under the supervision of Miss Burtis, did the entire work themselves, including casting, directing, and producing.

Saturday night, January 7, a one-act play was presented in the Dramatic Club room directed by Janet Tippery. The play was "For Distinguished Service".

All three of these amateur plays were well produced. The directors spent a great amount of time and energy in making their one-act plays worthy of the excellent work we are all receiving under the direction of Miss Burtis.

Thursday night, February 16, Babette Lemon gave a report of an interesting play, ("The Constant Wife") now running in Chicago with Ethel Barrymore starring in it.

Dramatic Club Banquet

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club held its annual banquet Saturday night, February 26, at the Glen View Hotel. The long table in the dining room was beautifully decorated and the vari-colored formals and shawls of the girls lent a charm to the occasion. The combination menus and place cards, designed by Eleanor Stromer, were a unique feature of the banquet, carrying out the idea of the Green Curtain—little stages with a green curtain for covers. Mr. and Mrs. McKee were honored guests of the Club, and were seated on either side of the toastmistress, Madelaine Mendelsohn. Miss Burtis graciously presided at one end of the table, and Madelene Mosher, the president, at the other.

With the after-dinner coffee the toast mistress rose and started the toasts. The first to the Club itself by Thyria Hughart. It was very clever and amusing. Madalene gave the next one to Miss Burtis, ending it with an appropriate little poem. Catherine MacKechnie talked most admirably on the well deserved merits of our able president, Madalene Mosher. Last of all Catherine Best gave an exceedingly clever toast to a rather odd subject, "Pigs", the play to be given by the Club March 3. Madelaine Mendelsohn deserves hearty congratulations for her poise and efficiency as the toast mistress.

"Pigs"

Saturday, night, March 3, the play "Pigs" was given by the Dramatic Club of The Frances Shimer School. It was a sparkling, rapidly

moving comedy of American life. All the seats in the hall were filled, a number attending from neighboring towns, and the audience retained a high degree of interest and attention throughout the performance.

Everyone has a different standard of a good play, but all agreed upon the merits of "Pigs". The efficient directorship deserves more than a mere passing comment. During the last few weeks, Miss Burtis, has worked untiringly for both the technical and the expressive perfection of the play. She has shown that she possesses the faculty for developing a high degree of dramatic ability in those under her direction, an achievement which is vastly more difficult than possessing the quality for herself alone. We offer our sincere congratulations to her upon the success of her production.

The dramatis personae was as follows:

Thomas Atkins, Sr.—Catherine MacKeehnie.

Thomas Atkins, Jr.—Babette Lemon.

Hector Spencer—Ruth Brady.

Grandma Spencer—Catherine Best.

Ellen Atkins—Dorsel Jaeke.

Spencer Atkins—Hazel Voltmer.

Milfred Cushing—Madalene Mosher.

Lenore Hastings—Sarah Porter.

Smith Hastings—Jeannette Lloyd.

THE SCATTERED FAMILY

Marriages

Cleo Lamb, ex-Faculty, to Mr. Virgil J. Banter on October 8, 1927, at Ridott, Illinois. At home after November 1, 1927, at Elizabeth, Illinois.

Eunice Gallagher, '16-'18, to Mr. John D. Whitney on June 8, 1927, at Tama, Iowa. At home 415 South Summit Street, Iowa City.

Grace Bacon, '26-'27, to Mr. Thad. Parrish on January 1, 1928, at Arcadia, Kansas. At home, Kansas City, Missouri.

Dorothy Ainley, '24-'25, to Mr. Arthur Wayne Black on July 16, 1927, in the Little Brown Church in the Vale, at Nashua, Iowa.

Zola Girdey, '23-'25, to Mr. Erwin O. Jones on November 30, 1927, at the Little Church of the Flowers in Glendale, California.

Gertrude Moore '23 to Mr. William Kenyon Pierce on December 31, 1927, at Mt. Carroll, Illinois. At home, Springfield, Illinois.

Louise Dennis, '23-'24, to Mr. Thomas Cameron Reed on December 24, 1927, at Ashland, Wisconsin.

Ruth Heller '24 to Mr. Adrian Marquette Hobbs on January 28, 1928, at Montpelier, Ohio. At home 5518 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago.

Corrine Bragg, ex-Faculty, to Mr. Joseph D. Mitchell on February 28, 1928, at Dwight, Illinois. At home Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax Gregory (Beth McCallum '24) a son, Junius Clayborne Gregory III, June 12, 1927, at Chicago, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hershel Swanson (Kathryn Wilke '23) a daughter, Dolores, on December 22, 1927.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meske (Margaret Van Voorhees '18) a son, October 31, 1927, at Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Schaut (Eva Durham '09) a daughter, Myra Elizabeth, on February 22, 1928, at Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Ritchie (Helen Patton '22) a daughter, on February 25, 1928, at Elk Rapids, Michigan.

General Notes

Jean McCloy '25 has been elected president of the Sophomore class at Wells College.

Evalyn Black '24 is a Gamma Phi at the University of Washington.

Elizabeth Kneeland, '20-'22, received her A. B. degree from William and Mary College in June and is now teaching at Webster City, Iowa.

Annis Daly, '21-'22, lives at 101 Kelso Road, Columbus, Ohio.

Mildred Augustine '25 is doing secretarial work for an insurance firm in South Bend, Indiana.

Leah Durkee '21, who has been teaching in a mission school in the Tennessee mountains, was forced to give up her work for this year because of ill health. She is at her home in Fulton, Illinois, and writes that she hopes to be able to return to the mission field in the fall.

Maxine Corbin '25 is spending the winter in San Antonio, Texas, with her father, who is in ill health.

Constance Sargent Fenn '15 writes: "We are spending the year in New York City where my husband is studying and doing part time teaching at Columbia University." Mr. and Mrs. Fenn and baby daughter returned last spring from China, where Mr. Fenn held a professorship in Yenching University.

Mrs. Fanny McCartney Worthington of Sterling, a student in the early days, was a visitor at the School in January.

Farilyn Crooker '27 has a secretarial position with the National Surety Company in Kansas City, Missouri.

Grace Harvey Penfield '94 sailed on January 1, 1928, from San Francisco and will spend several months traveling in the Orient.

Celestine Dahmen Elliott '15 sent greetings recently from Florence, Italy. She writes: "I am spending some months abroad studying and collecting antiques. I am enjoying it so much, especially Italy." Readers of The RECORD will remember the articles contributed while Mrs. Elliott was in Frances Shimer, entitled "My International School Days".

Eunice Gallagher Whitney, '16-'18, lives in Iowa City, Iowa, where her husband, Dr. John D. Whitney, is professor of Physics in the State University.

Capt. and Mrs. Bradley (Maude Menefee, '85-'87) are co-heads of Allandale School for Boys at Lake Villa, Illinois. The students of this fine home and school are picked from every walk of life that is hard and lowly and given the chance that comes with friendly, wholesome living conditions and intelligent guidance.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Gertrude Moore '23 was married on New Year's Eve at her home in Mt. Carroll to Mr. William Kenyon Pierce. After completing her course at Frances Shimer Miss Moore attended the University of Illinois, from which she was graduated in 1925. She taught successfully in the Junior High School in Savanna, and in the High School at St. Elmo, Illinois. Mr. Pierce, a son of Ethel Kenyon Pierce '99, is also a graduate of the University of Illinois in the Civil Engineering course. They will reside in Springfield, Illinois.

Frances Peterson '20 is teaching History in the High School at Lancaster, Wis.

Maxine Smith '23 is a Senior at the University of Wisconsin.

Therese Lemercier '25 was assistant director of the Mask and Bauble's presentation for Homecoming of George Kaufman's "Butter and Egg Man" at the University of Illinois.

Sophy Perry '25 is a member of the Goucher College Christian Association Board.

Margaret Sinclair '27 was operated upon for appendicitis early in February. She hopes to be able to continue her work at Knox College for the second semester.

Laura Lovald Pollard '10-'11 lives in New York City. She has a small daughter, Margery Anne.

Ruth Birdsall '22 teaches Journalism in the high school at Clinton, Iowa. She also sponsors the school newspaper and the annual.

Glee Hastings Dewerd, ex-'12, is living in New York City and is much interested in her work with the National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

Clara Fulscher Duvall, '18-'19, writes: "My husband and I are senior medical students at Colorado University. In June we go to San Francisco to intern—my husband to San Francisco General Hospital under the University of California and I to the Children's Hospital. Hertha is married and lives in Denver. She has a young son a year and a half old."

Gertrude Murdough '21, following her graduation from the Art Institute in Chicago, spent a year studying in Paris. She is now at the University of Chicago working for a degree.

Louise Joslyn '27 is a junior at the University of Chicago.

Margaret Deleplane, '23-'24, will be graduated from the University of Chicago at the March Convocation, after which she will return to her home in Iowa to carry on the business of her father who died last spring.

Beulah Bondy, '04-'06, is appearing in New York City as star in the comedy-drama, "Cock Robin".

A recent mail brought an attractive photograph and the following: "Here are two prospective Frances Shimer girls and their big brother. Mary Carolyn is eight and her sister Susan is almost two. This is the way they look in the summer at their island camp in Massachusetts. Their mother is Elizabeth Darnell Clausen '14 and their father is Bernard C.

Clausen." Dr. Clausen is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Syracuse, New York.

Eleanor Welch '24 is teaching English in the High School at Chenoa. She writes: "I met Virginia Haskell and Pauline Thompson on the campus at Urbana recently when I was there attending high school conference. Mary Frances Murray is one of our Kappa pledges at Wesleyan."

Martha Green Sawyer '10 and family have returned to their home in Ann Arbor after a year spent in Germany. She writes: "We lived for six months after the fashion of a German family. Many a time I gave a rising vote of thanks to Miss Johnson and the German I learned from her at Frances Shimer. Without it, I fear the family would not have been fed." Dr. Sawyer is Professor in the Department of Physics at Michigan State University.

Eva Roberts '11 writes from her home in Los Angeles: "I often meet Hazel Hayden Davies, Laura Wolz Stock, Mary Joslin, and Gladys Smith who is teaching in one of the high schools here. Frances has charge of a little desert hotel at 29 Palms on the Colorado Desert. It is a lovely spot and she is enjoying her work immensely. Her nurse's training is useful to her there, for there is not a doctor within fifty miles."

Salome Pfleege '20 is a member of the faculty of the Starrett School for Girls in Chicago. Her sister, Genevieve '25, is a junior at Purdue University.

Mr. W. P. Hallett, father of Marian Hallett Jones '02, died at her home in Washington, D. C., in February after a brief illness. Mrs. Hallett will be remembered by earlier students as Ella Corbett. The RECORD extends sympathy to these friends in their bereavement.

Louise Sykes '27 and Marvel Steven '26 came back to school for the play of the Green Curtain Club in March. Louise is a junior and Marvel a senior in the University of Chicago.

Beatrice Wade '26 took a leading part in "Blue Beard", which was presented recently by the Junior Drama League of Detroit.

Florence Moore Gamble '21 has recently moved from St. Petersburg to Tarpon Springs, Florida.

Doris Leach Wiggins '13 writes that they are now located in Minneapolis, where her husband, Captain Porter Wiggins, is in the military department of the state university of Minnesota. She writes that Margery Wingert Earle lives near her.

Judith Williams '26 is chief telephone operator at the Frances Willard Hospital in Chicago and attending evening classes at Lewis Institute.

Mrs. Clara Dutton Hovey, a former instructor in Art, writes from a home in Wolcott, New York, of a visit during the summer with Miss Louise Slee, who also was for some years a teacher in the School. Miss Slee, who is in ill health, has recently returned from a year spent in Italy and Sicily.

Helen Fields Zeiman '24 is taking courses in Design and Interior Decoration at the Art Institute in Chicago. She writes, "I have known

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Frances Gorsline ('21-'22) for over a year and lately we discovered that we were both Shimerites."

Florence Schweitzer, '19-'20, is doing graduate work in Greek and Latin at the University of Wisconsin.

Mrs. Ruth Beaver and Mrs. Bessie Beaver Schreiter '96 are spending the winter in Miami, Florida.

Maxine McMahon '20 continues her study of Music in New York City.

Joyce Gardner, '16-'19, is private secretary to the rector of St. John's Church in Hove, Sussex, England.

Exchanges

"The Tradesman"

High School of Commerce, Boston, Massachusetts.

Your cuts are certainly the best we have ever seen in a high school magazine. Your cartoons were also very clever. In fact, we liked the whole makeup of your magazine very much.

"Ogontz Mosaic"

The Ogontz School, Rydale, Pennsylvania.

It is needless to say that we considered your magazine one of the loveliest that has ever come to us. We enjoyed everything from the attractive photographs to the alumni notes, which we read with interest.

"The Northern Illinois"

Northern Illinois State Teachers' College, DeKalb, Illinois.

Your "Griffins and Owls" column appealed especially to us—maybe because we are fond of poetry and that column contained very good poems.

"The Jabberwock"

The Girls' Latin School, Boston, Massachusetts.

The illustration on the first page of your magazine is very clever, as were all the other cuts. Fewer stories would be an improvement.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

"The Recorder"

Winchester High School, Winchester, Massachusetts.

"The Teresian News Letter"

College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minnesota.

"The Western Oxford"

Western College, Oxford, Ohio.

"The Sun Dial"

Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Ferry Tales"

Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Illinois.

JOKES

Overmyer—"Your roommate just tried to borrow a dress from me."

Mattes—"Did she get it?"

Overmyer—"No."

Mattes—"Then it wasn't my roommate."

Emmie—"Why are the middle ages called the dark ages?"

M'Lisse—"Because there were so many knights."

Little Beth—"Auntie, why are those two angry girls trading coats and hats?"

Miss Hostetter—"They are roommates, dear."

Tipp—"What is a statesman?"

Emmie—"A dead politician."

Let's Imagine

Hamilton—sending this telegram: "Mr. Sills—sorry can't come—test in Sociology."

Lemon—without gum.

Beck—with a B.

Stiny—not managing.

Havens—without a curling iron.

Overmyer—in a pink hat.

Porterfield—without Nelson.

Lourie—writing home each week, "Haven't been to Katy's for over a month."

V. Williams—not knowing the latest on campus.

Porter—not in love.

Voltmer—not pronouncing Olive queerly—sounds like "I love."

Miss Parker—not drinking the second cup of coffee.

"Sorry", "Sleepy Time Gal", but "Tonight You Belong To Me", and under the "Blue Skies" we shall look up at the "Honolulu Moon". Boy, I'll be in "My Blue Heaven". Then we'll sit "Side By Side"—but is now "Just a Memory". "Some One Said" that it is an honor to be "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi", and I had told you "It All Depends On You"—but "Forgive Me", "Miss Annabelle Lee",— it was just like "Muddy Water"—I could see through it. Oh, that "Sweetheart Memories" could repeat themselves "Just Once Again".

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Frances Shimer Students at Colleges

The following list includes Academic and Junior College graduates, and College girls who completed the Freshman year at Frances Shimer School:

ALBION COLLEGE

Katharine Keller

BATTLE CREEK COLLEGE

Elizabeth Phelps

Elizabeth Brayton

BELLOIT COLLEGE

Doris Cuyler

Anne Donovan

Marjorie Freer

Elizabeth Kingery

Virginia Munsen

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY

Frances Kerrobran

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY

Josephine John Ewing

Helen Louise Oliver

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SOUTHERN BRANCH

Annette Huntley

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Marjorie Strong

CARLETON COLLEGE

John Gust

Anna Todd

CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE

Frances Gorsline

Helen Fields Ziemann

CHICAGO ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

Lucille Branch

Bernice Williams

CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Arabella Ruth Orr

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Estelle Bachmann

Rose Baskind

Mary Brenneman

Jeanette Butler

Ida Chambers

Margaret Delaplaine

Edna Eastabrooks

Edna Hoge

Louise Joslyn

Bess Kirtley

Gertrude Murdough

Floy Orr

Martha Powell

Darlene Sherer

Marvel Steven

Louise Sykes

June Weaver Thlem

CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Isabel Lewis

CLEVELAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING SCHOOL

Dorothy Hill

COE COLLEGE

Helen MacDonald

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY (graduate school)

Katherine Macy

CORNELL COLLEGE

Laurel Phillips

Blanche Warrick

DE PAUW UNIVERSITY

Genevieve Pfeleger

DETROIT TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Virginia Roberts

DRAKE UNIVERSITY

Tim Christen

Camella Evans

June Foster

FAIRMOUNT SCHOOL

Lolia White

FRANCES SHIMER JUNIOR COLLEGE

(graduates of F. S. S. Academy)

Catherine Best

Evelyn LeMunyon

Ruth Peterson

Sarah Porter

Helen Potterfield

Rosalind Smith

Eleonor Stromer

GRAND RAPIDS COLLEGE

Harriet Deutsch

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

GOUCHER COLLEGE

Sophy Perry

GRINNELL COLLEGE

Josephine Barnes
Leone Wilkinson

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

Lola Kennedy

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Mary Brearton
Janet Cromwell
Ruth DeLatour
Isabel Erzinger
Clara Green
Alma Grove
Betty Huntoon
Mary Kinney
Therese Lemercier
Esther Merchant
Dorothy Mershon
Wilhelmina Meyer
Charlotte Moore
Anna May Norris
Elsie Ready
Grace Thompson
Ruth Touzalin
Dorothy Wilcox

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN

UNIVERSITY

Helen Marshall
Mary Frances Murray

ILLINOIS WOMEN'S COLLEGE

Helen Terry

UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA

Ruth Smith Matthew
Eloyse Stage

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Lucille Bowen
Gertrude Dreesman
Marjorie Foley
Annabelle Kirkpatrick
Elizabeth Kirkpatrick
Elizabeth MacIndoe
Mary Plum
Lucille Sinn
Dorothea Louise Weber
Ruth Wheeler

IOWA STATE COLLEGE

Roma Coomer
Anna Lee Garrett
Helen Goeppinger
Martha Moffitt

IOWA STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Rose Hanlotte
Clara May Pillmore
Kathryn Reeves

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE

Ruth Sanborn

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

Margaret Fisher
Kathryn Petrie

KNOX COLLEGE

Jean Barry
Katherine Lee Bates
Dorothy Runkle
Margaret Sinclair

LAKE ERIE COLLEGE

Helen Gaggin

LEWIS INSTITUTE

Betty Andrew

MIAMI UNIVERSITY

Alice Frances Smith

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Martha Hannett
Alice Kellogg

JAMES MILLIKEN UNIVERSITY

Virginia Alkire
Mary Louise Anderson

MILWAUKEE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Myra Polacheck

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Esther Cavan
Marian Hall
Edith McBrady

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

Lolana Frances Boyle

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

MCPHAIL SCHOOL OF MUSIC Beth Hower	POMONA COLLEGE Kathryn Tyrrell
MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE Elizabeth Carr	RADCLIFFE COLLEGE (graduate school) Charlotte Hageman
NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN COLLEGE Margaret Pritchard Mildred Sherer	ROLLINS COLLEGE Helen Mary Cavanaugh
NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY Helen Rowe	SHORTLEFF COLLEGE Martha Chapman
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA Gretchen Anderson Frances Cunningham Elinor Evans Mary Ellen Fisher Mary Louise McCullough	SMITH COLLEGE Mary Ellmore Smith
NORTHERN ILLINOIS STATE TEACHER'S COLLEGE Virginia Jewell	SELLING COLLEGE Eugenia Bower
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY Frances Guylee Isabel Ingram Esther May Jewell Jane O'Boyle Virginia Park Bernice Taylor Eleanor Thiede Edith Warner Muriel White Caroline Whitehead	UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON Janice Coshun Evalyn Black
OBERLIN COLLEGE Leonore Smith Mary Todd	WELLESLEY COLLEGE Sara Finley
OBERLIN KINDERGARTEN TRAINING SCHOOL Harrlette Witherill	WELLS COLLEGE Jean McCloy
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA Mary Elizabeth Goode Kathryn Younger	UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN Edna Betty Aller Margaret Anderson Marion Bailey Laura Barrett Lola Dynes (graduate school) Helen Groblien Ruth Hay Alice Frances Nelson Edythe Pollock Florence Schweizer (grad. school) Virginia Taggart Stella Thal Margaret Schoenfeld Jean Margaret Wright Maxine Smith

Total: 171 students in 64
higher institutions.

It is with Pride

we point to

Campbell
Memorial Library

and

Sawyer House

*As Products of the
Organization of*

YOKOM
CONTRACTOR

DUBUQUE, IOWA

PRIDE---

We take pride in selling jewelry of quality. Our stock is always up-to-date. Special attention given to Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing. Kodaks and Kodak Supplies.

E. L. KNEALE, Leading Jeweler
MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS

Keep Your Account

WITH THE

FIRST STATE BANK OF MOUNT CARROLL

REEDY & EMMERT

Mt. Carroll's Leading Grocers

Most complete Stock in the County.
Special attention given to quality lead-
in low prices.

IND. PHONE BLACK 116

DR. RITENOUR

Dentist

North Side Square

HOURS:

8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 6 p. m.
Mt. Carroll, Illinois

Dry Goods

Ready-to-Wear

O. H. MARTIN D. G. CO.

MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS

Novelties

Fine Footwear

SQUIRES HARDWARE CO.

Headquarters for

Tinware, Cooking Utensils
Towel Racks, Cutlery

Special Attention Given School Trade

A. J. MILES

PURE OIL CO. PRODUCTS

Puroil Gasoline and Toluene Motor
Oil Cabin Creek Kerosene
MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS

Strength

Service

The Carroll County State Bank

MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS

CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$125,000.00

ACCOUNTS OF FACULTY AND
STUDENTS GIVEN SPECIAL
ATTENTION. BANKING FA-
CILITIES MAINTAINED AT
THE SCHOOL FOR YOUR
CONVENIENCE.

Courteous

Confidential

S. P. COLEHOUR, M. D.

MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS

OFFICE HOURS:

1 to 3 p. m. 7 to 8 p. m.

PHONE BLACK 210

T. B. RHODES

SAVANNA, 1874

F. J. RHODES

MT. CARROLL, 1903

MT. CARROLL, ILL. 1884

Rhodes Bros.

MOETTO—Live and Let Live

COALS OF ALL KINDS

AT MOUNT CARROLL, ILL.

Lime, Plaster,	Lumber, Sash,
Cement, Brick,	Doors and
Tile, and	Wood Building
Mason's	Materials of all
Supplies	Kinds

FICKES

*Electrical Supplies
and Repairing*

Plumbing and Heating

DRS. MERSHON & PETTY

PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS

311 N. Clay St.

Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Office Phone BLACK 174

Residences—

Dr. Mershon Black 170

Dr. Petty Black 174

Frances Shimer School

A Home School for Girls and Young Women

FOUNDED 1853

THIS is one of the best-equipped schools for girls in the West. The standard of scholarship is high. College Department, offering diploma at the end of the Junior College Course of two years. Advanced standing for Junior College work given by leading universities. College Preparatory and General Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education, and Expression. Both Junior College and Academy are members of the North Central Association.

The buildings are eleven in number, solidly constructed of brick and stone. They were designed strictly for school purposes, and have modern conveniences and appointments. The location, 127 miles west of Chicago, is very picturesque and is noted for its healthfulness. The grounds, consisting of twenty-six acres, are very attractive and are beautified by well-kept lawns and noble trees, many planted over a half century ago. Nine-hole golf course, tennis and hockey; gymnasium; all athletic work under the direction of a competent instructor. School hospital. Science Hall for Home Economics, Chemistry and other Sciences. Rate \$650.00.

Illustrated Catalogue will be sent upon Request

EDM. P. McKEE, Pres.

Mt. Carroll, Illinois

SMITH TEA ROOM

203 NORTH MAIN STREET

Modern Rooms High Class Meals
Prices Reasonable

Special orders given prompt attention

A PRICELESS GIFT

Your Photograph is a priceless gift because it is the one thing that no one else can buy. Those whom you remember with PHOTOGRAPHS CHRISTMAS DAY will remember you for all CHRISTMAS DAYS.

SWORD, Your Photographer